

MADAME FORRESTIER.

By W. C. Morrow.

Of Dr. Entrefort's daring in surgical enterprises I could never weary of making report; for surely his conceptions, achievements—even his very existence—were all peculiar and mysterious. Small, dark, sharp, quick, learned, skillful, fearless—really I have not language at command to describe adequately this inscrutable Creole. He was an unaccountable mixture of gentleness and ferocity, of insight and blindness, of wisdom and folly; and, above all, the most lovable of men. But I must now proceed to the telling of a very strange story concerning him.

It was clear to all of us that Félice would die, and it was into Entrefort's hands that her life had been placed. Having been called to see her, a stranger then, he had said that she would not likely survive the desperate surgical operation which presented the only hope of her recovery. After a long and careful study of her case, he fell so deeply in love with her that he could not bear to see her die without an effort to save her; and it was his knife, wielded with all the old-time skill and daring and with all the cruelty of science, that released her sweet spirit from its incubating clay. And thus, sadly enough, opens one of the strangest chapters in the life of one of the most remarkable of men.

He begged that he be given the poor body for a time—to embalm it permanently, he explained; and as Félice had been a charity patient in the great public hospital in Baronne Street, his request was easily granted. Nor, considering his popularity there and in the medical college hard by, is there any reason to wonder why he was never called upon to return it.

Dr. Entrefort, ever since the death of his wife, had lived with his widowed sister, Mme. Forrestier, in one of the quaint old brick houses that line St. Philip Street. Besides him and his sister there was another inmate of the house—Adèle Forrestier—for Mme. Forrestier, the widow, having borne her husband no children, had taken Adèle from an orphan asylum after his death, and had adopted her and given her the name Forrestier. She was about seventeen or eighteen; she and Félice were nearly of an age. But what a difference between them! While Félice had been sweet, and gentle, and patient through all her suffering, Adèle was the most impatient and willful of mortals, ruling the house with an iron rod, and making loud lamentation over the most trivial ills. It is not a matter for wonder that no love was at large between her and Entrefort, or that she flung through the window the very bitter boluses that he prescribed when she was ill—bitterer and stronger than he might have made them, and ordered in generous doses; for he had mild little quarrels with his sister for his declaring that the girl was only lazy and perverse, and not ill at all.

His sister, knowing nothing of his fondness for the dead Félice, or even of her existence, was not able to account for the extraordinary mental state into which he fell after the girl's death. She saw that some very great trouble beset him, and that a strange excitement was at work within him. Accustomed to all his moods, she now discovered one new and peculiar; and the very fact that it persisted for a long time was sufficient to make her watchful and anxious.

What was strangest of all, he began to take an interest in Adèle's health. Now, Adèle was a hearty, robust girl, and was seldom in need of medical attention; but Entrefort began to drop hints about her complexion, her gait, her spirits, her appetite, and other external evidences of health-conditions. He made many inquiries concerning her food, her sleep, the ventilation of her bed-chamber, her work and studies, and the quality of her clothing. More than that, he brought her a tonic one day, after she had made a slight complaint, and required her to take a dose from his hand. In spite of the petty tyrannies which she was accustomed to practice upon him, there were times when he assumed a quiet manner that disclosed his superior will; and although this had happened but rarely, she knew what it meant, and yielded with a bad grace. It was so when he offered her a dose of the tonic; but what was her astonishment to discover that the medicine, instead of being bitter and nauseating, was sweet and aromatic!

"Why, uncle," she declared in astonishment, "it is good!"

"It may prove as good for your tongue as for your health," he answered.

At first she took the tonic at the regular intervals prescribed; but it was so pleasant to the taste, and more than that, gave her (as she permitted herself to believe) so great benefit, that she took it oftener, and finally it was gone. Then she asked for more.

Ordinarily it was a difficult matter to surprise Entrefort; and even when surprised, he had a quiet stare at command that served as a mask. But when Adèle, without a blush, asked for more of the medicine before more was due, he went from his self-control so far as to catch her in his arms and kiss her, saying: "Yes, my dear niece; you shall have all you want;" and then it was Adèle's turn to be surprised.

It happened that Mme. Forrestier witnessed this performance. It would have delighted her had she not made certain discoveries; and, even in view of them, it merely disconcerted and puzzled her. In her brother's integrity, and in the safety of her adopted daughter in his society, she had a whole confidence; and in the way peculiar to women, she began to feel uneasiness.

She rarely visited her brother's office, and she knew nothing of what went forward there. The facts that lay before her perception were these: That he had suffered unusually; that he had taken an unaccustomed interest in a most uninteresting girl; that he had brought strange bottles to the house and had set up a small laboratory; and that he had begun to give Adèle medicines that apparently had a manifold strange effect upon her. Being very much with these, my friends, I saw that Adèle and Entrefort were ap-

proaching a better mutual understanding; but at that time I knew nothing of the medical régime under which he had placed her. I was concerned only to observe that Entrefort could take any interest in so unlovable a girl, further than that which a sense of duty might suggest. It was idle to wonder over anything that Entrefort might do, not even excepting his possible love for a girl totally different from one who so recently had held control over all his best impulses. I could bring myself to imagine, in a vague, unhappy way, his possible marriage to Adèle, and to see beyond that event two wretchedly inharmonious lives.

About this time I discovered Mme. Forrestier, moved by a motive which I did not then understand, resorting to certain practices which, under other circumstances, would have been beneath her sweet and gentle dignity—I surprised her in the act of reading her brother's diary. She made a bungling attempt to divert my attention from her conduct, and I assumed blindness to guard her sensibilities. Nevertheless, it was apparent that what she had read puzzled her exceedingly and threw her far away from her self-command. When she had gone I took advantage of my position as Entrefort's confidential friend and (in a measure) guardian, and was filled with amazement to discover the extraordinary thing he was doing. If I had read further I would have learned more, and might have taken steps to avoid a dreadful catastrophe; but I read only as far as Mme. Forrestier had gone, and then stopped, feeling that the matter was sacred and peculiar, and that I had no right to proceed further. I doubted that Mme. Forrestier understood what she read, for it was of a highly scientific character, set out in a style involved and obscure. I shall not introduce it here; it will be sufficient to give a very scant idea of its purport.

It was a discussion of the problem of death and of the persistence of the consciousness beyond this life. By a very elaborate argument, Entrefort sought to prove that death is merely a disorganization of innumerable "life principles" which are assembled in the human body, and which belong, inseparably and forever, to the matter with which they are associated. Consciousness is merely an incident of their harmonious working together; hence when death disorganizes them, consciousness must cease. Therefore, the immortality of the consciousness—the ego—is impossible; the life principles, however, live always; they are part of God himself.

If, now, they can be reassembled and reorganized after death, we reproduce the identity of the person who, before his death, represented the original organization. "This can be done," he wrote, "and in many ways; and I now see its successful operation proceeding under my very eyes. So sure as I live, my Félice shall stand in flesh and spirit before me. In these bottles, ranged upon my shelves, Félice reposes. The life principles which composed her ineffable sweetness are here under my hand, to be slowly reassembled." Here I stopped, for just beyond I saw Adèle's name, and I closed the book and returned it to the secret place where he intended it should be kept from human eyes.

I reflected that Mme. Forrestier must have been puzzled. What could she have thought of this Félice, and of any possible bearing of these disclosures upon the events of her life? The good woman inflicted a grievous headache upon herself with thinking over it. I know now that something deep and fearful had a finger in her anxiety—something that gave her a very sharp fear; but I shall explain all that at the proper time in this narration.

Of the strange happenings that made progress I can do nothing but give a record. Adèle's manner changed slowly but steadily for the better. Her selfishness, petulance, and hardness became modified into forms suggesting sweetness of character; the roundness and fullness of a wholesome womanhood were springing up within her. As she became gentler, Entrefort grew more cheerful. His bearing toward her was less masculine than paternal. His solicitude for her, without being in any sense obtrusive, was none the less vigilant and persistent.

In this wise passed many months, during which time I was tramping through Yucatan. It was upon my return that I noticed a striking change in Entrefort, in Mme. Forrestier, and most particularly in Adèle. I had always been fond of the widow, for she was one of the sweetest, gentlest, and most lovable of women; of the flouting, spoiled, unruly girl, I had cherished nothing but a hearty dislike; toward Entrefort—the craziest, the most brilliant, the most adorable of men—I had ever felt drawn by the closest of human ties. Now what did I find? Entrefort wholly recovered from his despair following the death of Félice; bright, cheerful, elastic, buoyant, brimming with wit, soaring on the wings of speculative science, and outreaching with both hands for the incredible in surgery; Mme. Forrestier, pale, haggard, worn, nervous, crouching under the walls of a tumbling house; Adèle—oh, but I could not believe my eyes!—Adèle transformed into an angel! Those demure little coquetties, that ready rippling of ruby lips into smiles, that velvety voice and low, musical laugh, that grace of manner, that putting away of self, that matchless graciousness manifest in kindly solicitude for others—surely this pearl could not have been dragged forth from so uncouth a shell except by a master hand!

And yet—and yet—it all brought a certain pain to me, and in that pain lurked a laggard recollection. That night I dreamed of the poor charity patient in the hospital—Félice—whose sweetness had been too precious to risk with earthly contamination. Again I sat beside her cot in the long ward, and held her thin hand, and talked to her of Entrefort, and of the bright days to come, when they would be married and have a pretty home, and Entrefort and I would be tamed, and held under the thralldom of the sweet domestic spell she would breathe upon us, and of the cozy room that would always be mine, and mine only—ah, those were sad, sweet hours, I living and talking a lie with an aching heart, and Félice building a home whose foundations rested not upon the earth! And so I sat holding her hand in the golden twilight, waiting for Entrefort to come; and as we talked, behold! it was not Félice at all, but Adèle—Adèle,

so different from and yet so strangely like Félice! The rosy lips, the rippling smile, the plump hand and rounded features, a woman not less feminine than Félice, and, therefore, not less charming—Adèle was shamming illness and poverty, and through a whim lay as a patient in a charity hospital!

"Adèle!" I cried, aloud, and that waked me.

This dream clung to me with pertinacity. It was easy for me to reason that Adèle had fallen in love with Entrefort, and that unconsciously she had been molded to his ideal of feminine loveliness, and it was plain as noonday light that Entrefort loved her with equal tenderness. It was a pretty spectacle; but there was a touch of pain in it for me, for I could not help transposing and exchanging Félice and Adèle in the most confusing manner.

I expected that some one of the three (though likely not modest Adèle) would tell me of the approaching marriage. Mme. Forrestier—surely she might have mentioned it to me; but when I would glance at her, she would drop her eyes, and her face would harden and her pallor come deeper. I saw her quake in agony under my glance, and I wondered in the very soul of me. I saw her writhe with anguish when unspoken interchanges of affection would pass between her brother and Adèle. An incredible suffering was dragging her to the grave before our very eyes, while Entrefort, the alertest of all possible physicians, sat blind and indifferent in his absorbing love for Adèle, expressing empty solicitude for her failing health, prescribing foolish remedies for maladies which did not exist, and swimming heedlessly among life-seeking monsters which thronged his small sea of happiness. And there was Adèle, less blind than he, but blind sufficiently, and superior in perception only through a tenderer compassion—there Adèle, whose every word and act of gentle solicitude and sympathy sank loaded with poison into the wretched woman's heart. And there sat I, amazed, bewildered, and helpless.

I brought myself nearer to Mme. Forrestier by every possible device. I accepted her invitation to make my home at her house. My presence and sympathy seemed to help her, and my watchfulness over her was a shield. It seemed clear to her that I alone knew that some dreadful mystery was gnawing the thread of her life, that I was anxious to be of service to her, and that I patiently awaited her confidence. I listened at her chamber-door in the dead of night, and heard her moan: "Poor child, poor child! God help me!" One night, while somnambulant, she went into Adèle's room, threw her arms around the sleeping girl's neck, and awoke her, moaning: "Poor child, poor child! God help me!"

The strangest part of it all was that no word of marriage had ever been spoken. Of innocence and purity in Entrefort's mind I could form no conception, for I knew the man; and yet I now saw both these things with my own eyes. These two lived in an atmosphere of a deep, blind, and strange affection.

Mme. Forrestier would not, or could not, confide in me. Several times she tried to speak, but her words shrank back overcome and confused. Her hair was whitening rapidly, and, what was worse, her mind was drifting from its moorings. I could bear it no longer; so I went to Entrefort and told him, solemnly and emphatically, that some grievous wrong lay at the bottom of his sister's suffering, and that soon, unless relief should come, she would be a maniac and die in her madness.

This seemed to make him unhappy, and he said that he had noticed the change and was doing all in his power to assist her. "It is a gradual decay and breaking down of the nervous forces," he explained; "and no human skill could do more than ease the fall."

"Raoul," said I, after a long silence, during which I was studying how best to strike a worse blow, "Adèle reminds me strangely of some one I used to know."

He started, and that surprised me. So he, too, had seen the resemblance.

"Yes?" he said, with a show of indifference. "And who could that most fortunate person have been?"

"It is difficult for me to say," I answered; "but there is something—there is something—I think, perhaps, in Adèle's walk, or the little pain-drawn twitchings that flit across her face, or her habit of putting her hand upon a certain place in her side—"

A startled look in Entrefort's face arrested my speech, and the whiteness of his face showed me that I had started the blade aright.

"What are you talking about, man?" he cried.

"Only a recollection—only something that reminds of a thing far away that was very sad. I think it was the case of a sweet girl in a hospital; I believe she died under the surgeon's knife. And the strangest part of it is that Adèle reminds me so much of her in many ways—particularly in her many unconscious little hints that she is afflicted with the same fatal malady that made the equally fatal operation necessary." It was brutal, but necessary; and, above that, it was true.

Entrefort sprang to his feet, white with rage.

"It is a damnable falsehood!" he cried; "you are a liar!" and he looked as though he would spring at my throat.

Had the situation not been so tragic, it would have been ludicrous—he a small, weak, nervous Creole, a big-boned Scotchman, heavy muscled, a head taller, and weighing nearly a hundred pounds more; he insane with passion, I stolid and pitying.

"Sit down, Raoul," said I; "we still are friends; for I ever in your life you needed a friend it is now."

The brilliant gleam of anger in his face faded slowly; but the lines deepened and the hardness and pallor increased. I had wounded the man in his very soul, and the pain of it was more than he could bear. He tried to speak, but choked; fiercely he tore away his collar, for his breathing was like that of one strangling. He reeled, I caught him in my arms; and when I had laid him on a couch, he took my hand and gasped: "I—I didn't mean to say that, old man,

for I love you; and—O God!—you have told me the truth! I have been bli—” and his eyes rolled, and he was unconscious.

It was a hard task for me to inform Mme. Forrester that the operation on Adèle had to be performed, and that Entrefort himself was determined to undertake it; for Mme. Forrester had not yet explained the mystery of her suffering, and I did not know how to approach her on this dreadful topic. I feared that the effect of my news would be disastrous, but there was no avoiding its delivery. Very great, therefore, was my surprise when, after recovering from the shock which it gave her, she visibly brightened under its effect! This was a strange thing, indeed; for I could not bring it into any other form than that the probably fatal issue of the operation would clear her spirit of its agony. Her step grew lighter, she shed quiet tears, and yet she had wept none in her suffering.

I had to be content with that; it was pleasant to see her steady emergence from despair, her quickened perceptions, her touching gentleness with Adèle, her tender care of her brother, and her quickly returning strength and repose. I had to be content with it, though it gave me a certain dread.

Entrefort himself had undergone a striking change. It was but slowly that he recovered from the illness which the frightful shock I gave him precipitated. In the delirium of his fever, I noted with wonder that, although he talked frequently of Adèle, and knew her when she would visit him, he never called her anything but Félice. “You are Félice,” he would say, “returned to me—brought back by my own hand—the soul and body of Félice, and—God pardon me!—her fatality!” It was well that Adèle knew nothing of the dead Félice, and that she took his words for empty ravings. Slowly Entrefort came out of his despair; and then all the fine manliness in him shone forth luminous and conspicuous. Sturdily he faced about, and saw and contemplated the great evil which had obtruded itself before him. All prospects were dismal, but they were but a spur to the outcoming of his strength. I never saw him look nobler than in those dark days, when he was preparing himself for the ordeal; and hard preparation of spirit was needed. But out of it all he stepped forth in the radiance of perfect manhood.

Adèle was told that the operation must be performed, but its dreadful possibilities were kept from her knowledge. With a smile, she agreed. “I shall be safe,” she said, “if Raoul perform it.”

The day came. Entrefort was on hand, with sharp young assistants. “There is a hope of saving her,” he said to me, with a hard smile, “for she is stronger than Félice.” I believed she was, but Entrefort could be so blind!

Mme. Forrester and I were in another room, awaiting the issue, while the operation was proceeding. She was upon a frightful strain; every nerve was in violent commotion, each counteracting the activity of some other; so that, without strength or purpose, she lay helpless on a lounge, while I sat beside her and held her hand, and spoke kindly words that had no listener.

It seemed to take a very long time, but presently it was over, and Raoul came in to give the news. He need not have spoken, for the light in his face told the story.

“She will live!” he exclaimed, triumphantly; “and then we will marry.”

It was like a death-wound to Mme. Forrester. With blanched face, in which evidences of the old suffering had returned with manifold intensity, she rose slowly and painfully to her feet, and, standing with a kind of awful majesty, she exclaimed:

“Marry! Never, so long as I can stand between life and death, between heaven and hell!”

We were amazed, and Entrefort gazed at her stupidly. Then he threw a significant glance at me, as much as to say that her mind was wrong; but I knew better than that, and I felt that at last we had been brought to face a tragic mystery.

“Dear sister,” said Entrefort, approaching her, “pray try to be calm. The good news has broken your self-command.”

“Stand back, Raoul!” she cried. “Never was my mind clearer nor my purpose of better strength. I am facing sin and damnation, and the duty of a daughter of the holy church of God must be done. I will stop this marriage, and, more than that, if need be I will flaunt my shame before the world to accomplish that end. But it will be sufficient to tell you, for you are a man of honor. . . . Raoul, I sinned before my marriage. . . . As God is my witness, Adèle is my natural daughter—a man may not marry his niece!”

Entrefort was surprised, but not dismayed. Pity and shame for his sister for this, her degradation, were all that appeared in his face; there was no incredulity, no shock to his purpose.

“Well, Raoul, what say you now?” she demanded.

After a long pause, he made answer:

“My dear sister, I pity you from the bottom of my heart that you mistakenly have thought it necessary to make this humiliating confession. But it alters my purpose not in the least; Adèle and I will marry.”

She caught her breath and staggered back to her couch, falling heavily upon it.

“But, Raoul,” she gasped weakly, “that is crime; it is violation of the law of God and man; it is suicide in this world and damnation in the world to come.”

“It would be all that, sister dear, if Adèle were Adèle; for if she were Adèle she would be your daughter and my niece. But she is not Adèle.”

“Who is she, pray?” asked his sister, suspecting his sanity.

“She is Félice, a totally different person, related neither to you nor me.”

“Raoul, what do you mean, in God’s name?”

Then he told her the sad story of Félice, and added:

“I saved her sweet body from the grave, and transformed

it completely into medicaments, with which I have ever since treated Adèle. By a fine, elaborate, and intricate process, which I can not explain to you now, I caused all the substance and essence of Adèle to be dissipated and those of Félice to take their place. Have you not noticed the remarkable change? My friend here has seen it, but did not understand it. It is clear to him now. Why, the introduction of Félice in the place of Adèle was so complete that she even brought back with her the dreadful malady!”

Mme. Forrester smiled pityingly and somewhat scornfully, and her excitement again rose to a dangerous pitch.

“Raoul,” she said, “if you are talking seriously, as I believe you are, and not trying to lead a weak woman to countenance an awful sin, then I must say that you are frightfully deceived. Adèle’s character has developed through love for you, and all unconsciously you have led her to fit herself to the semblance of your ideal. Her malady is one to which women are liable, and, being a physician, you know that well.”

“Ah, sweet sister! I know what I have been doing and what I have accomplished. You are incredulous, simply because this thing has never been done before. But, in good time, I will make it all clear to you. . . . Adèle and I will marry.”

Mme. Forrester now was in a fearful state. Her excitement was wild and menacing.

“I had prayed to heaven and hoped that she would die under the operation, and this hope has given me strength. But now that your honor is obscured by your madness, I will adopt other means.”

She started tottering for the door, evidently to publish her shame and invoke a wide knowledge and opposition to avert an unthinkable happening; but her strength gave way, and with a groan she began to sink. I caught her and laid her on the couch. Entrefort sprang forward, and we both saw that death had laid a hand upon her.

“Raoul,” she gasped, her eyes starting wide and fearful, “you have broken my heart—I feel a warm suffusion in my chest. Raoul—Raoul—dear brother—promise me—promise me—Raoul—” and that was all, and soon, thereafter, her sweet spirit went peacefully forth forever. Then I went softly out, leaving the weeping brother with his dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1892.

BAGATELLE.

A SERENADE.

Imp of Dreams, when she’s asleep,
To her snow-hung chamber creep,
And straight whisper in her ear
What, awake, she will not hear—
Imp of Dreams, when she’s asleep.

Tell her, so she may repent,
That no rose withholds its scent,
That no bird that has a song
Hoards the music summer-long—
Tell her, so she may repent.

Tell her there’s naught else to do,
If to morrow’s skies be blue,
But to come with civil speech,
And walk with me to Chelsea Beach—
Tell her there’s naught else to do!
Tell her, so she may repent—
Imp of Dreams, when she’s asleep!

A LYRIC TO ORDER.

The Muse is not at home to-day,
But since you order, I obey
And thank the gods you did not set
Your slave some task more hopeless yet—
To wit: to make those ice-hung boughs
That arch the eaves of Vernon House
To lose their torques and unfold
Their hidden fronds of green and gold.
You might—so very droll you are—
Have asked me to hand down a star.
But no, a lyric is your will;
‘Tis not so difficult, but still
‘Tis difficult. Remember, pray,
The Muse is not at home to-day.

When she is gone Depression sits
Upon your servant’s heart and wits;
Invention, that had once some grace,
Shivers beside the chimney-place;
Thought wears an unaccustomed frown.
All things go wrong, upstairs and down.
My handmaid Fancy’s face grows glum;
I think each hour the girl will come
To give me warning, so to speak—
And lose her wages for the week!
The nimble sprite that brings me rhyme—
My Mercury, my apt, sublime
Young Buttons—he sulks all the time.
So matters go from bad to worse;
No happy word slips down the verse
Some other happy word to wed,
Like jewels on a silken thread.
But true to just. When this page lies
Beneath your most sagacious eyes,
You can but feel, and needs must say,
“His Muse is not at home to-day.”
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *September Harper’s*.

A married couple recently appeared at the South-Western Police Court, in London. The lady had signed the following document before marriage, drawn up, she said, at a solicitor’s office: “After our married during our lifetime, I will never take deed of separation, nor never put you any kind of blame, or never leave you, and I solemnly promise to look after you, and give you nice dinners, and everything you require, with my love and true faith. We will always live in one place, and live together, and enjoy ourselves. If I broke this promise after married, I shall not get anything or money from him” (her husband). And yet after eight months of “married,” the lady wants a separation and an allowance!

A guest at Sir W. C. Brooke’s lodge, in the Forest of Glentana, in Aberdeenshire, recently performed the extraordinary feat of killing two deer with one shot from his rifle. The bullet struck the backbone of one stag and was deflected into the chest of another, both instantly falling dead.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Augustus Sala says that the first five-pound note he earned from literature was paid him by Charles Dickens.

Bismarck used to spell his name without the *c*. The present spelling does away with the monetary significance of the name: Bis-mark—two marks.

The Czar is never lonely on his splendid yacht, the *Polar Star*, as she carries a crew of three hundred men, who are selected from the best sources in the imperial fleet.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has his principal pictures so hung that they can be instantly countersunk into the walls and protected by chilled-steel shutters. He is quite prepared for the raids of the anarchists.

Mr. Blaine’s services as a public speaker are in great demand this year. The people of Skowhegan, Me., have had the nerve to ask him to deliver an oration upon the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the opening of the shoe-factory.

M. Deibler, the executioner of Paris, has disposed of two hundred and twenty of his fellow-beings, and is now thinking of retiring. He has a miniature guillotine in a glass case on the mantel-piece in his parlor, does not receive visitors, and finds amusement in playing the violin.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that he keeps in sound body and mind by doing no mental work in the evening. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, keeps hale by doing his hardest work just at that time. The aspiring young literary man may profit by their example.

Judge Gregrick, of the superior court of New York—may his tribe increase—last week put to an applicant for naturalization, an Austrian, the query: “Which would you fight for in a war between Austria and the United States?” “Austria,” said the would-be citizen. “Go back there!” replied the judge, as he tore up the man’s declaration.

The artist Whistler, once of Stonington, Conn., seems to have about forgotten that he ever was a Yankee. The New England papers are recalling the story told of him some time ago, to the effect that he asked a visiting American who was President of the United States. “Or do you have Presidents now?” he added, in his best impressionist manner.

The old Corsican brigand, Bellicoscia, has been acquitted; this was foreseen when he was permitted, as a prisoner, to have himself photographed, and then sent his photos to be widely distributed all over Corsica. He is handsome, even noble looking, and it could not be tolerated by the Corsican mind that he should be either hanged, guillotined, or shot. He is, on the contrary, to be exported to France.

General Alger, according to a current story, once went to a political meeting in a railway train, with Mr. Applegate, of the *Adrian Times*, for a traveling companion. Reaching his destination, the ex-governor carefully removed the dust and cinders from his clothing with a silver-backed brush, and then offered it to Mr. Applegate. “Thank you, general,” was the response; “if I used that brush before this crowd, I wouldn’t have a subscriber left in the morning.”

The position of a popular dramatist is, it appears from some details of Victoire Sardou’s life just published, no sinecure. All the year round the great man is up at seven, and upon a cup of coffee does four hours’ work on end. After *déjeuner*, at noon, he gets in another two or three hours’ writing, and the rest of the day is given to more technical worries, the interviewing of stage-managers and actors, and the supervision of details in the scenic department.

Senator Quay recently told a friend of the difficulty one of his ancestors had in securing a pension, to show how much harder it was to accomplish that business a century ago than now. It was then necessary for a man to prove not only his service, but his necessity. Mr. Quay’s ancestor declared that his sole possessions were two slaves and twelve acres of land. The latter would not raise even white beans, and of the former, one was a helpless rheumatic and the other spent all his time attending to his fellow.

Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, recently sent to H. C. Frick a copy of Charles Reade’s “Put Yourself in His Place.” “Just now,” he said, in a note to Mr. Frick, “you are in a position to appreciate it. Did my means permit, I would have a supply placed with union and non-union men alike.” In acknowledging the receipt of the book, Mr. Frick said: “I read it over twenty years ago, and shall act on your suggestion and see that a number are distributed.” The book in question forms No. 214 of the pocket edition of the Seaside Library.

Prince Bismarck’s favorite son is said not to be the elder, Count Herbert, but the younger, Count William. “Bill” Bismarck is married to his first cousin, Prince Bismarck’s only sister’s child. It has been a great disappointment to the ex-chancellor that no male child has been born of this union, the countess having blessed her husband with two girls. When the first child, Irene, was born at Hanau, Count “Bill” announced the fact to his father as follows: “This time a girl.” To which the prince replied: “I forgive you this time; but next time see it is a boy.”

Arthur Conan Doyle, the British author, has given up practice as an oculist for novel-writing. Mr. Doyle is just thirty-three and is a native of Edinburgh, where he studied medicine. He found his early career as a physician one of drudgery, and with the object of increasing his funds he wrote some short stories, which found their way into *Chamber’s Journal* and laid the foundation of his literary success. Part of his youth has been passed as doctor on a whaler bound for the Arctic regions, and part as surgeon on a ship plying between England and the west coast of Africa. Physically he is a big, broad-shouldered man, with the “frame and mustache of a Life Guardsman.”